

Life in General

Story: Life in General

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Summary: Random words made to random drabbles. Fluff, corny-ness and...well, random things ahoy! Now with added semi-seriousness! Felix/Piers

***Chapter 1*: Chapter 1**

Wow... I really do everything I shouldn't do instead of doing the very few things I really should do. School is killing me right now, my final year and all... but I assume that an apology isn't what you want. It's fiction drabble time! I made a friend of mine say 10 random words. You'll get the next 5 tomorrow I think. Oh yeah, my Felix/Piers pairing can be a bit OOC sometimes.

Disclaimer: If anyone here believes I own this, they have been severely misguided. Poor fools. I don't own anything.

1. Laugh:

While Felix didn't do it very often, Piers always appreciated and treasured the times he got to hear it. It was a deep, melodious sound that he loved, and it was one of the things he liked to think that he somehow influenced. Because, even if it was selfish and perhaps not true, the Lemurian told himself that he'd heard the Venus Adepts laugh more often since they'd got together.

Felix liked Piers laugh. It was contagious and so utterly *happy*, a clear and carefree sound that he couldn't get enough of. That's why he always tried just a little harder to get to hear it. It'd gotten easier since he'd discovered that his Mercury Adept was ticklish.

2. Cat:

"What's that?" Composed.

"What's what? I can't see anything." Nervous.

"A cat?" Disbelief.

"Ah well... it's a kitten actually. You know Gareth's parents have cats and they got a litter two months ago and... and no one wanted this one, and I just couldn't leave it." Apologetic.
"I said I'd look after it."

"Really? Do you plan on raising it on your own?" Humored.

"It's hard to be a single parent. Will you help me?" Hopeful.

"Of course dear." Playing along. "But dad has to go to Isaac's now to get back our runaway djin."

"What?! I'm not the mother!" Offended.

"It's got your eyes." Amused.

"...Shut up." Resigned.

3. Blue:

"I thought we were done with these things once we left Izumo..."

Piers snickered and did an elegant pirouette in his new festival outfit. "Please Felix, everyone and every place have some kind of ritual or custom they celebrate like this. Now put it on or they won't let you join." The fabric almost floated in the air around him, the mix of pale and bright colours matching his looks perfectly.

Felix sighted and looked at the outfit that was laid out for him, the exact same model as Piers' own. "No. I'll look stupider than Gareth in his djin-costume."

Piers chocked on a laugh. "I highly doubt it. I can go as far as to say that that would be impossible." He struck a pose;

hand on his jutted hip and narrowed eyes. "Do you think I look stupid?"

"No, you look... good." That was probably this year's biggest understatement. "But you've had... how many years to practice?"

The Lemurian sighted. "Many." He walked up to the bed where the clothes were spread out like a sacrifice for the Gods. "What's wrong with it?"

Felix held a piece of fabric between his fingers with mild disdain. "It's...weird. Twirly."

While getting over the fact that his companion had just used the word 'twirly' (was that even a word...?) to describe something despite his very serious appearance, Piers spun around in a circle again and the fabric danced in the air. "It's supposed to represent the water we were born from. See how it flows?" He stopped and the pale light blue and warm bright turquoise clothes settled again. "To thank Mercury for the grace and, admittedly a bit too long, life she gave us we hold this ceremony once a year. Please Felix? It'd mean much to me if you joined."

"It's blue...it doesn't suit me."

"Well, green, brown and red don't suit *me*, but I still put up with that odd costume last year. The Festival of Gaia, was it?"

"Touché."

4. Rainbow:

The warm, late summer evening air was moist after the heavy rain. The sun was still an hour or so from setting, and

they both had found solace under a large tree some way from New Vale. It wasn't unusual to find them there, it'd become something they did just for the sake of being alone. For Piers, it was comforting to find silence and calm in the busy world outside Lemuria and for Felix, it was a chance to think about things and observe the new world thoroughly.

Suddenly Piers stirred and pointed up at the sky. "Hey... look, it's a rainbow."

"Mhm."

The lack of verbal activity from the Earth Adept didn't bother Piers in the slightest. He knew Felix too well. "Do you know the legend about the rainbow?"

Felix glanced, interested and amused, at him. "No. Do tell."

The Lemurian made himself comfortable against Felix side before continuing. "It is said that if you find the end of a rainbow, you'll be granted your greatest wish."

"Really?"

"Yeah. That's why I'm so confused... it should end somewhere around here." He looked around, lazily surveying their surroundings.

Felix chuckled. "Oh? Why is that?"

Aquamarine hair fell around their faces like a curtain as Piers leaned forward until their breaths mingled with each other. "Because I think I've already been given my wish."

Their lips sealed in a kiss.

5. Pinecone:

Piers groaned as Felix propped himself up and rolled off him.

"What is it? Did I hurt you?" Suddenly, Felix was beside him again, studying him worriedly.

Piers shifted and sucked in a sharp breath. "No, not you, it's just..." He sat up with some difficulty and reached behind him, rummaging around in the grass.

The Venus Adept took the opportunity to reach for his discarded cloak, draping it like a big blanket around their half-naked forms. He looked up as Piers muttered a triumphant "Ha!", and tried to get a look at what the Water Adept held in his hand. "What is that?"

Piers held it up. "A pinecone. I had this lodged in my back the whole time, and I have no idea how it got there."

Chuckling softly, Felix examined the angry red marks and scratches on the tanned back. He Cured them quickly, and tilted Piers head upwards. "I think that *this* is called a 'pine'."

The enormous tree that they'd been sitting under and...well, had a very *nice* time under, was indeed a pine. The brown and prickly pinecones hung from almost every branch.

Piers hissed at the unexpected contact with his back. "Oh." The effect of the Cure-spell begun to work and he settled back on Felix bare torso. "If we decide to do this again, we need to switch tree."

"Agreed."

I've never written drabbles like these before, so if they suck completely please tell me. I like reviews a lot, as I'm sure

every writer does, so please press the blue button. But if you don't, I hug you anyway for reading! Thanks.

***Chapter 2*: Chapter 2**

It took a bit more time than I thought. Apologies. More random words from my friend turned into drabbles. Although the last one is probably too long to be called a drabble. . . I think a lot of them are. But it's easier to collect them like this.

Disclaimer: I do not own Golden Sun. Nor do I own the characters or names used in this fanfic.

6. Banana:

"Aahhh... I always wanted to return here." Piers stretched lazily and inspected his current surrounding with an excited smile on his face.

"Hm." Felix followed not quite as enthusiastic as his partner; his far warmer clothes presenting to be a slight inconvenience for their chosen destination: Southwest Atteka Islet.

The little piece of piece of tropical land on the edge of the world was as warm and lush as the last time they'd been here, and although it probably was a meter or so closer to the abyss than the last time, the brave (or just foolish) inhabitants still occupied the soil.

Piers walked quickly over to the settlement and presented himself and the Venus Adept that loomed behind him, and since the visitors were scarce on the forsaken island, the man he talked to recognized them almost immediately. The Lemurian asked him something and the man laughed and nodded. He turned and waved Felix over.

"He found them!" Piers looked pleased and pointed at a basket full of strange yellow fruit. It looked a little like a small cucumber, but yellow and with a thick, waxy skin.

"What is that?" The Venus Adept asked, not too fond of new exotic foods.

"I don't know actually, but I tasted them last time we visited this place and they're delicious!" he picked one up and threw it to Felix. "Peel it and taste for yourself."

Reluctantly, the Valean did so. The fruit was soft and a bit moist on the inside and coloured pale yellow.

Piers smiled encouragingly and took a small bite of the fruit in Felix hand, to prove to his skeptic friend that it was fine. He chewed and licked his lips, savoring the flavor. "See? It's not poisonous, and it does taste very good. I'll go ask them what they call it." He wandered off, completely at ease with the exotic climate and environment.

Felix had to admit that the Lemurian suited this sort of milieu much better than the forests surrounding New Vale; with his caramel toned skin, long bright turquoise hair and gleaming yellow eyes he could very well be someone from a remote tropic island. Which he was, although he chose not to live there anymore.

The Earth Adept studied the fruit in his hand, sniffing suspiciously before taking a small bite. It didn't taste as bad as he thought, was the first thing that registered. Secondly, the texture was like biting in firm mousse.

By the time Piers came back, he'd almost finished all of it.

Felix bent down to take another one from the basket, handing one to the Mercury Adept as well. "So?"

"Something odd..."buh-naenas" or something like that. I'm not too sure that I pronounced it right." Piers tasted the foreign word on his tongue before shrugging and peeling the fruit given to him.

Felix nodded as he took a new bite. "...I like them."

7. Fear:

Swim faster faster *faster!* Get to the surface where there's air where there's light where there's warmth, get up *get up* because he needed air, *he needed to breathe!*

Falling further and further down, being swallowed by the cold dark abyss, the sun playing tauntingly on the unreachable surface that became more and more distant, *out of reach.*

He screamed and instantly felt his lungs get flooded by water, the cold liquid cutting like knives inside his chest and he coughed to get it out but it filled his mouth, his nose, his lungs and his eyes and his heartbeat pounded in his ears. *It hurt!*

And then cold serenity wrapped him up in the water of the river and he couldn't swim anymore...

Drowning, falling, dying...

He gasped heavily as he bolted upright in the bed, chest heaving as he gulped down refreshing air. He jumped as warm, lean arms encircled him, but relaxed when he quickly recognized the feel and the familiar scent.

"It's jus' me. Don't worry, it wasn't real. You're safe... relax. Soft words murmured against his neck, tired but still

comforting. "It's okay...it's was just a dream."

Felix relaxed into the embrace, lips curving slightly upwards in a thankful smile when he could make out Piers sleepy figure. It wasn't as often as it had been, but the traumatizing event from his childhood could still worm its way into his dreams, haunting his mind in the form of nightmares.

"Are you alright?" The Lemurian asked groggily, obviously just awoken.

Felix laid back down and pulled the Mercury Adept down with him, not letting go even as they both were settled snugly in the sheets. "Yes."

He wouldn't remember the dream in the morning.

8. Walking:

It was worth every single time he'd failed and gotten himself soaked. The feeling of joy, of freedom and the soaring sensation of accomplishing something he never thought he'd even try overwhelmed his senses as he for the first time succeeded without breaking the surface. It felt a bit weird; moist, chilly and strangely firm and *elastic* although he knew it wasn't like that originally. His almost transparent blue psynergy made it that way. He didn't really know what he'd use this newly discovered achievement for, but it wasn't very important.

The first time he took a walk *on* the big lake outside New Vale was almost celestial.

... If anything, it would be a great party-trick.

9. Cookies:

Piers had, for some reason unknown to even himself, found that baking was rather relaxing. That's why he stood, with his long hair in a messy bun and apron tied around his neck, in the kitchen with dough up to his elbows. Humming a tune from ancient times, a song that his mother used to sing, the Lemurian swiftly strewed a fine layer of flour on the countertop and reached for the baking roller, when he was startled by a low, short laugh coming from the doorway behind him.

Whirling around, he easily spotted his brown haired housemate.

"What are you laughing at?" He asked, slightly annoyed by the smug grin that he knew was hiding behind the mask of indifference on that pale face.

"You." Felix said simply, but decided to explain further as he received a hard glare and a silent promise of a cold and empty bed from a somewhat agitated Mercury Adept. "You'd make a *perfect* housewife." He couldn't keep the mirth out of his voice.

Small smears of powdery white flour stained tanned cheeks, the haphazard bun of turquoise hair had started to fall down and strands were hanging around Piers' face and the pale yellow apron hugged his body perfectly, tied at the neck and waist.

Piers' serene mood evaporated like water in the Yampi Desert, and he used his psynergy to make small crystalline shards of ice twirl threateningly in the air around his hand. "Don't mock a person who's perfectly able to kick your ass." He wasn't angry *per se*, but still not very keen to let the Venus Adept off the hook *that* fast.

Felix couldn't help but smirk. "I can't see anyone like that in here." He was in the mood for a good spar. Things always got

interesting when fighting Piers.

Said Water Adept briskly walked forward, ice-shards gleaming and still in full flight around his right hand, calm state of mind forgotten. "Well, I think I should open your eyes then."

Keeping the tauntingly devil-may-care grin, Felix stepped out of the doorway. "I'm looking forward to it." He bowed mockingly.

The Lemurian glared. "I'm going to kill you for real thi- What's that smell?" He sniffed in the air. The scent of something on the verge of getting burnt registered in his brain, and his golden eyes widened in realization. "The cookies!"

He dashed back to the oven, trying to save the big batch of cookies that were currently signaling that they'd been ignored for too long, ice falling to the floor in small pools of water and accompanied by the sound of rarely used laughter coming from the doorway.

10. Umbrella:

It wasn't just raining, it was pouring down with the strength and quantity of the Gaia falls. The sudden and vicious rainfall had trapped two young men on their Lemurian ship.

"What options do we have?" The Venus Adept asked sullenly, hiding in the doorway down to the cabin.

Piers stood beside him, watching the rain with badly hidden excitement. One glance at his sour boyfriend though, told him that he wasn't as happy about water coming from the sky as he was. So, in an attempt to comfort the Earth Adept, he smiled softly and motioned inside with his hand. "We

could stay here for tonight. We do have everything we need here anyway: beds, clothes, shelter, water-" His stomach decided to throw its opinion into the discussion, demonstrating its irritation of being empty, with a growl. "But I don't think we have any food left..." He said with a sight.

Deciding to try his luck, Piers squeezed past Felix and poked his head outside. When he pulled back, his hair was dark blue and plastered to his face, dripping with water. "It doesn't seem to let up anytime soon... do you want to stay?"

"...Not really." Felix said and ran a hand through his hair. He wasn't as fascinated by the rain as Piers, nor was he as comfortable being soaked, but they couldn't very well hide in the ship forever. "We haven't eaten at all today."

The weather seemed to threaten them; the wind picked up and threw a cascade of heavy raindrops in their faces. Piers impatiently shoved his wildly flying hair out of his face. "So...what are you going to do?" He himself felt incredibly compelled to run straight out on the beach and dance in the rain.

Felix sighted again. "It's not like we have a choice. It's-" A gale sent rain splashing into their hiding place. "...only water."

Piers laughed. "Let's run then. Feel free to leave me behind if I slow you down. Don't come back to get me." He stared longingly out in the storm.

The Earth Adepts heart sunk as his eyes calculated the shortest way from the ship to the village. It seemed to be much farther than it had been when it was sunny.

A hand grabbed his and suddenly he was pulled outside, into the downpour. He hissed a curse at the Lemurian and started to run towards the rebuilt gates of New Vale. The grip on his hand however, held him back.

"Piers, you can play, but leave me out of it." Felix growled, hating the feeling of getting soaked.

The Water Adept just smiled. "It's just not fun without you. Besides, you're not getting wet, are you?"

Surprisingly, he wasn't. His hair was a bit damp, but that was about it. "What did you do?"

"I tried something new." Blue hair tossed and turned with the wind, smacking Piers in the face and making him splutter. Nevertheless his hand didn't relent its grip. "Just don't let go of my hand, and it will work for you too."

Felix looked up, noticing the thin aura of glowing psynergy that shielded them from the onslaught of rain. He watched in mild wonder as raindrops exploded against the pale blue surface, still feeling the cold wind pass straight through the barrier. "Hn."

"What do you think?" A smile played on Piers' lips as he heard Felix' muttered sound of gratitude. "'It works pretty well, doesn't it?"

Felix tugged on the hand, pulling them into a walk across the wet sand. "You knew how to do this all along." He said accusingly.

"No, I didn't." But the smile said otherwise.

"You're a bad liar."

Piers tried to look offended. "I just thought of it! Watch it so I don't 'accidentally' lose your hand." He laughed as he felt the grip around his hand tighten.

"You wouldn't dare."

Felix yelped as Piers wormed out of his grip. He immediately tried to shield himself from the rain with his arms, but stopped as he heard the Lemurians laugh ring through the air. He looked around and yes, the aura was still there. Turning to face his lover made it clear that he on the other hand, did not have his shield.

Piers was drenched, hair darker than normal and water running in streams down his upturned face. Arms raised, the wielder of Water walked and danced through the gales and rain, all the while upholding the protective barrier, which worked much like an umbrella, around his partner.

There we go, 5 more of these...odd things I write in my spare time, instead of studying. I'm going to keep this fic open for more of these, but I can't tell you when they'll get uploaded. My schedule is pretty tight right now. I hope I'll get a review, but I'm happy you read it even if I don't. Mata ne~

***Chapter 3*: Chapter 3**

Oh, look! Another weird drabble! This is among some of the oddest things I've ever written and I realized too late that this narrative and story in general really could be placed on almost any shipping and sound relatively alright. But I hope you get what couple I'm after and who's the narrative is. I actually got the idea for this one from the band *Hurts* song called *Evelyn*, just to let you know. Some of you might've heard it.

Disclaimer: Seriously, I'm not even sure I'm mentioning anything Golden Sun related in this one. But if I am, I don't own it.

I don't care if your hands are a bit cold, I don't care if people will think wrong of us, I don't care if the world goes asunder.

Because I'm alive, and I'm here.

And I've been here for so long without anyone to-

I don't care if you think of yourself as someone who cannot love, I don't care if it's not me you thought you were looking for, I don't care if you think of me as just someone.

Because I'm alive, and I'm breathing.

*And I've been breathing this stale air for so long and I need
someone to-*

I don't care if my memories of home will wither away, I don't care if the graveyards in the mist will be filled while I'm gone, I don't care if the sea will swallow time.

Because I'm alive, and I'm reaching out.

And I've been reaching so far for so long without anyone to-

I don't care because this might be it, I don't care because I might've found what it was I was longing for, I don't care because things might finally be moving.

Because I'm still alive, and I'm asking this of you.

*And I've been wanting to ask this of so many but no-one has
been there to-*

I don't care because I'm lost now, I don't care because I can't figure out what purpose I have now, I don't care because I have nowhere left to go.

Because I'm still alive, and I'm searching.

And I've been searching for so long without anyone to-

I care because I want you to take my hand in yours (your cold hands), I care because I want to teach you that you can love (with your unloving heart), I care because my time (my unmoving time) has started moving.

Because I'm still alive, and I want to live.

*And I've been dead to the world for so long and no-one was
there to-*

I care because I want you to hold me (even if people will think it's wrong), I care because I cannot be the only one of us to feel like this (even though I'm just someone), I care because I think I found my place with you (you gave me a new home).

Because I'm alive, and I want you to-

-save me.

Well... yeah. The end there was perhaps a bit cheesy or cliché, but I want it this way. For those of you who didn't catch on to who's perspective it was; it's Piers who's... iunno, thinking/having an inner monologue/remembering/hoping/dreaming about the person that means the most to him. And that is, for those of you who're not familiar with what else I've written, Felix of course.

Thanks for reading, and please leave a review if you'd like. I'm curious to know what you thought about this piece...

***Chapter 4*: Song Prompt pt 1**

Really, updating this one so quickly? Yes, as a matter of fact. I wanted to practice without feeling any pressure, so voíla! I did that song thing, where you pick a random song, and then write about your topic in the time you have in the song. It's freakishly hard, but fun actually.

Disclaimer: What wouldn't I give to stop the depressing disclaimers? A lot. I don't own anything Golden Sun related. Nor do I own the songs.

Enjoy!

1. Biffy Clyro - Bubbles

It was hot, sunny and impossibly bright outside and the air smelled like salt and freedom. The ship was floating through the warm air leisurely; fast enough to create a small breeze but slow enough to let the party on the boat enjoy themselves. Felix stood by the helm, for once not obscured by his heavy cloak (it was too warm for that), and let his thoughts randomly wander as he watched the scene on the deck unfold before his eyes.

Piers seemed to have found a new ability, something he did at times when he was bored, and was entertaining Sheba and Jenna whilst just trying to relax. Felix smiled his secret smile as he watched Piers wave his hand and create bubbles out of thin air, which came to float in the air around him. They reflected the sunlight, creating thin rainbows and pretty sparkles, while Sheba and Jenna rushed around, popping them and keeping count of how many they could catch.

One, a tiny one, came floating up and the wind blew it mesmerizingly close to Felix face. The Venus Adept looked down and caught Piers eyes, the Mercury Adept smiling contently before letting out a soft, clear laugh as the bubble slowly flew around Felix head and the latter smiled back, before lifting his hand and poking the bubble with a finger. It popped, and Felix thought that it was rather nice just to be free like this.

2. Kaizers Orchestra - Ompa til du dör

Alex was, if anything, very *suave*. Polite, neat and smooth with his tongue, the man could talk the stars down from the sky, and he *knew* it.

The smile was like toxic, the words like venom and if his gaze landed on you, it felt like you were dissected alive. But he had misjudged one thing.

Felix had gotten his own party, a group around him that weren't lying snakes crawling around on their bellies, and together they refused to follow his scheme. He was used to be Hamlet, they should follow his flute down to the last tone, but they weren't.

The blue-haired Mercury Adept, the *new* one, seemed stubborn and had refused him the times he'd tried to make the offer of switching teams, and now it was like Alex had lost his magic.

He was forced to follow *them*. It frightened him that he was relying on them so much. The Mars Lighthouse, the Jupiter Lighthouse, and so much more depended on that they did what he thought they would, and that was a new one for him. Nightmares plagued him sometimes, and his nerves were taut with repressed anxious ponderings on how he played with fire far too close for comfort. His dreams taunted

him and scared him, but he refused to give in. He still had his flute, and he was adamant on that it still worked.

The second thing Alex hadn't taken into account was that no-one would follow a false note.

3. Flogging Molly - Devil's Dance Floor

The music was intoxicating, running like a fever through the crowd and making them lose themselves into the haze. This was the festival of the year, the celebration of life and rebirth, the new year was to be welcomed with dance, with food, with music and with an almost ecstatic mood.

Felix wasn't dancing, but he was watching someone.

One body was moving like streaming water through the crowd, twirling, bending and moving in intricate patterns in a way that made even New Vale's more experienced dancers jealous. Felix wasn't the only one who was watching this person, as the crowd of moving people were already forming a vague circle around him, giving him space to move as he wished. Turquoise hair whipped through the air as Piers spun around, completely lost in the music, but aware of his audience.

Suddenly, in a moment so intense that Felix felt the air crack with electricity, Piers' yellow eyes caught his and for a moment Felix found himself almost fearing the Lemurian.

The yellow eyes, seemingly flaming with life and insanity, were looking straight into his very soul and heart. Before he had a chance to move, Piers was in front of him, grabbing his hand and pulling him into his whirlpool of movements and the crowd made room for one more, while helplessly trying to match the Mercury Adept in his seamless dance and rhythm. Felix too was swept up by the waves and, after all,

he thought while watching those yellow eyes, right now they were all just dancing on the yellow-eyed devils dance floor. They had no choice but to follow him until the music stopped.

4. Panic! At the Disco - The only Difference Between Martyrdom and Suicide is Press Coverage

He was so young, but still so strong and determined that it scared many. They were not who they were supposed to be, and he knew it very well. He knew his sister really shouldn't be fighting dragons; she should be at the village ogling her eyes out over some boy (that he would beat up if they ever dared do something to her). He knew Sheba shouldn't have to read minds of innocent people, but she should be following some mysterious prophecy, while reaching the unknown mysteries of her past and her future. He knew that he himself shouldn't have the mentality of a seasoned warrior, the pessimistic but realistic view of the world and life; he should be at home with his parents and planning to build himself a home of his own, maybe dating someone.

There was merely one person Felix knew where he was supposed to be, and that was Piers.

He let himself grin despite the situation as he suddenly grabbed hold of said man's hand and sprinted forward, toward the enemy. Piers cast him a glance, saw the grin and grinned back, drew his sword and let out a cry that meant happiness, excitement, fear, bravery and freedom and trust.

When the battle was over, Felix still hadn't let go of Piers hand. Because that was where Felix wanted him to stay. He swore to try to get rid of the iron that he'd clad his soul in, just to keep that man by his side. They were still so young, and they were desperate for each other's attention, so if

they stayed like this, like this group on their quest, they would eventually make each other listen.

5. Carpark North - Just Human

He thought about leaving them, leaving *him*, for the umpteenth time that night. What they were after, what they were doing, were none of his concern. Their questions that went on and on and their endless worries made him want to get out of there.

He wasn't their saviour, he couldn't save them. He merely had a boat and he wanted to go home, and without them. They scared him, or at least Felix did with his air of calm hostility and bravery. He wasn't made to live in this outside world; he didn't feel like he was human like them. And he was tired of battling all the time, so why not take the easy way out? Just leave them?

But then he turned around in his bed, his nose colliding with a pale, warm shoulder and his excuses crumbled to dust. He cursed Iris, Hades, Gaia and all the other deities out there to hell and back for these feelings he had that prevented him from running away.

An arm tightened around his waist, and despite everything he figured it was worth the fight. Because he'd fallen in love in the person least expected. Hostility wasn't all Felix could express it seemed, and when he opened up, Piers couldn't leave even if he wanted to.

After all, he was just human when it all boiled down to it.

The first five! Yeah! Second part will be up soon-ish, since they're almost done. I cheated and played one or two songs twice. It was hard to keep the time limit goddamn it! The

suckiness I will blame on the completely random music I got handed to me. But seriously, fun stuff came out of it!

If you like, don't like, or just want to say something hamster-related (why hamster? you tell me!), review and make a writer feel appreciated! Thank you!

***Chapter 5*: Song Prompt pt 2**

And I present to you, the last five song-fics! Before someone gets this confused, number nine is supposed to be AU and not in the real Golden Sun universe. Just a brief informational snippet there. Other than that, there's not much to say actually. So just... enjoy the drabbles I wrote while stoned on sugar!

Disclaimer: I don't own Golden Sun nor the characters in the game. The songs belong to their respective artists.

6. Hurts - Stay

It was pouring down and the sky was unchangingly grey. The rain seemed endless, it was never going to stop and to Felix, that would be perfectly fine.

He couldn't care in the slightest about the rain, about the way his hair stuck to his face, about the way the icy raindrops found their way inside his clothes or about the way he was soaked to the bone. The only thing that he could register in his cotton-clad mind was the way Piers looked at him like he was supposed to say something, like he was supposed to do something important. But when he saw the boat anchored by the shore, rocking in the waves that were as grey as the sky, he couldn't bring himself to think further than to the feeling of warmth in his own hand.

The hand in which he held Piers own.

The Water Adept was equally soaked, and Felix couldn't figure out if the water in his tanned face were just water or something else. Thunder rumbled somewhere in the

distance, and Felix felt Piers hand tremble as the Mercury Adept drew a shaky breath (that could've been a sob of frustration), and Felix let go of his hand slowly. The accusing yellow eyes bore into his for a millisecond, but then Piers turned around and began to walk over the beach, sand sticking in muddy cakes on his boots. As the footsteps began to increase in number, Felix felt the haze lift for a second.

He realized something, the minute he felt the residual warmth in his hand start to cool down.

He lunged forward, spraying wet sand over his clothes but not caring, and caught up the Piers as he'd just reached the shoreline.

Grabbing his hand and clothing, the Venus Adept forcefully, desperately, spun him around and yanked him close, so close that they could feel every shuddering breath the other took. The only thing Piers let out was a breathy noise of surprise as he looked at Felix (tears; Felix realized that much of the moisture on Piers face had been tears).

He finally figured out what Piers had wanted him to say, what he'd wanted him to do.

"Stay." He whispered.

7. 30 Seconds to Mars - From Yesterday

To Piers, Felix was older than Kraden. The young Venus Adept's face was a map, a history of the world that he'd been forced to travel through. Youth held no importance in matters like these; Piers knew this only because he *was* old. Very old and he wondered sometimes if that showed thought like it did on Felix face. If his face also was a map, a journal of what he'd experienced. It felt odd to think like that, but at

times it hurt him deeply to look at Felix like that. He should not have been so troubled, should not have been forced to carry the burden, the duty, which had been put upon his shoulders. But he had, and he'd saved them all.

Sometimes, Piers liked to think that *that* life was in the past, and that *now* was a kind of new life. He wanted it all to be yesterday, for it to be something never to be thought of again. Felix would be startled if he ever knew this, Piers knew that. And that's why he felt the need to do so, and maybe that's why he felt the need to vent his frustrations out sometimes.

Surrounding himself with water, shoulder deep in the ocean, he let the anger he held in his chest, the sorrow on behalf of his lover and the sheer frustration he held for those who did not understand why Felix behaved like he did, free and they burst from him in waves after waves of psynergy. The sea swelled up, contorted and exploded around him and he knew that he was the only one old enough, in years counted, to *really* know what it was like for there to be a yesterday and a tomorrow.

If Felix ever saw the blitzkrieg the sea waged against itself, he never said anything.

8. Evanescence - Hello

Ancient particles of dust swirled around his feet in languid circles as he slowly, hypnotically, made his way through the long since sunken city. Nothing lived here anymore, but there had been a time when it had been bustling with life and sounds of people.

It didn't feel particularly sad for it to be like this. He was too old to feel sad, and it was too long ago for it to still be of importance, but it was a kind of melancholy *remembrance*

that still held its enhancing thrall over him and he couldn't help but to feel like he should pay his respects. Or something.

He wondered if this was what he would become, and that thought struck something within him and it *hurt*.

Touching the water gently with his fingertips, the liquid moved and formed rings and small patters. It was probably the first disturbance since... since... since... a long time ago. The thing inside him that'd been ruffled by its feathers, been *touched* the same way that water had, throbbed again with cold fever. A silent, soft moan worked its way up his throat and out his mouth. Somewhere, water dripped slowly of the rock walls and the ruins of a city were still slowly deteriorating.

The moan, the quiet, breathy thing rose to a pitying cry and as he looked around and realized that this – *this was what the world would become, and he would be the only one of them to remember, the only one to be there to see* – this hurt him, something broke and the cry rose to a shrill wail, desperate and terrifying in it's loneliness.

And he understood. He knew that this was what he was. A memory, a legend, someone from yesterday. And sometime, sometime in the future, Lemuria and its people would be forgotten completely.

Him included.

9. Billy Talent - Rusted From the Rain

The city was bustling with just-beginning nightlife, and Piers felt his back ache as he finally hauled out the last of the garbage bags. It'd been a busy day, and he was dead-beat. He briefly wondered if he should stay out here, in the dark,

cold alleyway for a minute to just gather his scattered and over-worked mind, but he decided against it. He had to go home and make sure Gareth (his room-mate) hadn't accidentally burnt anything down, and he had to take a shower to get the smell of seafood out of his hair. Turning his eyes to the sky, he smiled fondly at the few stars that could still be seen here in the big, industrialized metropolis, and then he turned to leave with a sigh.

A sudden, sharp sound stopped him though, with his breath quickly picking up its pace, and he spun around to face whoever was lurking in the shadows of the narrow alley. Nothing met his eyes, but a raindrop fell on his cheek and he shuddered. Normally, rain would calm him. But now, when the rain whetted the ground, the smell of moist soil, newly cut grass and a dark rusty scent that could only remind him of *rock*, drifted to his nose.

A movement, sudden and very precise, made him recoil and his hand searched for the door handle behind him. Crime was not uncommon here, and he had nothing to defend himself with. But out of the shadows emerged a man, not much older than himself, so calmly and so silently that he froze on the spot.

The scents grew stronger and something, something *secret* and *dark*, shone dully in the man's brown eyes. Broken glass on the ground reflected them both, staring at each other silently, and Piers first thought was that this man was a stray. A person who was bitter but not by choice, someone who had blood pumping through his veins just because he needed it to and who had lived through defeat and betrayal, but risen above it.

He was fascinated and terrified at the same time. Curious.

"Who... are you?" He spoke up, afraid to break the frail silence.

The man seemed to ponder on this, relieved that Piers had decided to speak up, and then held out his hand. "Felix."

It stopped raining.

10. Biffy Clyro - Mountains

They'd been everywhere, the world was laid bare by their feet, and they were together. They'd conquered mountains, crossed every sea possible, defied even the hottest deserts and discovered every hidden cave. They felt invincible, and in a way they were.

He was the mountain, strong and steady. Grounded and rational, Felix felt the pulse of Weyard flow through him with every step he took and with every breath that filled his body.

He was the sea, playful and intelligent. Ever-changing and still the same, Piers knew that the water flowed through his veins with every new sight he saw and with every new experience he gained.

No-one could take that away from them, the sons of the Elements were everlasting where no other had lasted.

They were each others, and they would never go anywhere without the other. Never leave without the other. They were the earth, the mountain, and the water, the sea. Always connected.

There we are! Song prompt done and accounted for! Can't promise I won't do any more of them though, because I thought it was seriously fun. If you have any ideas of what

music I should pick, tell me in a review! Or just leave a review because you feel like it, since I think you people that do are so nice to take time and write something to me.

Thank you for reading! I hope you enjoyed it.

***Chapter 6*: Chapter 4**

Did I ever manage to mention that I was going to Japan for 5 months, China for 1 month and then a sidestep to Dublin? I didn't? Well, shit...

These are warm-ups to get comfy with my favourite boys again, and a chapter of Yours Truly shouldn't be that far away really if I'm lucky.

Disclaimer: Come now, don't take this too seriously Big Corporations Who Read Oddities on the Internet. I don't own a thing.

11. Focus:

He loved the way Piers would gasp, as if his lungs were on the verge of bursting, and his whole body would arch in such a way that made it impossible to concentrate on anything else.

12. Fasting:

There was almost no food in the cupboards, nothing more substantial than carrots, a jar of milk, cheese and a loaf of bread that Piers was sure he'd brought with him when he first embarked from Lemuria. He'd have to stop Jenna from trying out different diets, or at least stop her from enforcing it on the rest of them by throwing all the food she couldn't eat overboard.

13. Slide:

There was no stopping Piers when his mind was set on something, and for once Felix was content watching him get

to the task, slowly gliding and crawling down his pale body, fingers and mouth finding places that made Felix rethink the meaning of life itself.

14. Drum:

Sheba was a natural at dancing it seemed, even though the girl had fallen from the skies and immediately secured in something close to total solitude. The festival was nothing new to Jenna and Felix, growing up in a social and peaceful village had made them accustomed to different festivities since childhood.

It was thus with gratitude Piers subtly accepted Felix hand and let the pale man lead him through the steps and rituals, the know-hows and must-dos of both the dance and the festival, as his long upbringing on the quiet island of no time, and therefore no celebrations, left him with no memories of such activities.

15. Sign:

A battle was always a trial, a test that tried them all as a team. It had taken a while for Piers to get used to not fighting alone, and he sometimes found it difficult to adapt to the rhythm of the others.

It was when Felix calmly assured him that they were all capable of fighting and taking care of themselves, despite their differences in style, that Piers allowed himself to stop fretting over every single scratch Sheba might take or every little bruise Jenna might get.

It was after being firmly told that if he wasn't going to heal *himself*, he could just as well stop healing Felix too. Although rather rude, Piers knew it was Felix way of telling him that he was worried about him too.

16. Hand:

The surface seemed far away, as always, as he forced his eyes to stay open beneath the rushing, bubbling water. He was weighted down by his clothes, his weapons, his memories and his unfair task, a journey that seemed to never end and never end well, and he was pulled down by invisible, icy hands that turned his skin to frost and fire. Even if he could reach the surface, it would be like trying to break through a slab of iron. In the dream, he could never swim above, get to the air and the warmth and the assurance.

He reached out nonetheless, death striking chords of frenzied fear through his heart and logic had nothing on desperation. He wasn't sure if he cried. He might have.

Then a hand closed around his own flailing one, and the sounds of water gurgling receded and the soft murmuring of a voice took over. He was pulled up and awake, to air and to the warmth of an embrace and to the familiar sight of a beautiful man and his words of assurance. He might not be able to get to the surface by himself, but Piers would always be there to pull him up again.

17. Crown:

The visits to Lemuria were always made mostly for the sake of politeness, enough to uphold the bond to his home and the last of his family, but scarce and short enough to not ruffle too many feathers in the senate.

Truth to be told, Piers knew that most of the old men and women in the council thought of him somewhat fondly, as a new light to their forgotten city, but he pretended to act as if they were all on Conservatos side. Because when he met with the regent of Lemuria, King Hydros, he was always,

always reminded of a suggestion made in silence, at the time of his third visit, and the golden band that adorned the King's head.

Well, hello there Dear Reader! I'm happy to see you again, and I hope you're happy with the small tidbit of fiction I could provide you with... please, do review and tell me what you thought. Thank you for reading (I'm hoping that *someone* does read, although I'm not suprised if I'm a bit forgotten... my fault, really)!